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MOROCCO: THE LAND OF MULAI EL HASSAN.

By DR ROBERT BROWN.

'WITHIN sight of an English fort, and within hail of English ships as they pass to our Empire in the East, there is a land where the ways of life are the same as they were a thousand years ago: a land wherein government is oppression: where law is tyranny: wherein justice is bought and sold: wherein it is a terror to be rich and a danger to be poor: wherein man may still be the slave of man, and woman is no more than a creature of lust—a reproach to Europe, a disgrace to the century, an outrage on humanity, a blight on religion: that land is Morocco.' These are the words with which an eminent novelist begins a romance of Al Islam in Northern Africa; and excepting, possibly, the sweeping conclusions with which the indictment terminates, they are just from the European point of view, and perfectly accurate from whatever aspect they are regarded.

But the Empire of Mulai el Hassan is not that of Queen Victoria; and Tangier, where most visitors obtain their sole glimpse of the country, is not to be criticised from the meridian of London. It is a Moorish city; and if such a state of matters pleases its owners, we have no more right to call down fire from heaven upon them than have the Moors to inveigh against the scandalous condition of the English capital—a pious duty, seldom neglected by the few who have visited it. And whatever may be doubtful in the external economy of Morocco, it is quite certain that the inhabitants wish for no change which could in any way interfere with the peculiar institutions over which our novelist is so eloquently indignant, and for none of any description on the Unbelievers' model. They may not love the Sultan when the hands of his tax-gatherers wax heavy; and there are mountain tribes who never pay him their dues until he convinces them of their folly by the arguments of Krupp guns and a rabble army. The government is despotism tempered with anarchy. No

Emperor ever succeeds without having to engage in civil war with rivals for the throne. If the Sultan is not seen in the mosque any Thursday, the price of gunpowder immediately rises; for then they fear he is dead, and fighting must follow. Indeed, it may be affirmed, that though the Arabs have been in Morocco for more than twelve centuries, they have never yet fully conquered the country. The Berber tribes driven to the mountains by the invaders are still only imperfect Moslems, and only half subdued. In the Riff country they are all but independent; and in Sus, even the Arabs under a religious chief can at times give the army of the Sultan plenty of cruel work to do.

But 'Seedna Al Sooltan'—our Lord the Sultan—is the head of the Faith. He is the first of the Shereefs or descendants of Mohammed, who regard with contempt the claims of the Osmanli Emperor to the califate, and consider him and his loose-living subjects as little better than Infidels. With Turkey, Morocco has no diplomatic relations. This has always been the case, and now that the Shereef of Wazan, who, as another near descendant of the Prophet, and the head of the sect of Mulai Taib, was at one time about as powerful as the Sultan, has become a French subject (and, it is whispered, drinks brandy and eats the accursed beast), though he and his English wife live apart, the Emir-al-Mumenin, the Prince of True Believers—as the ruler of Morocco styles himself—is more absolute than ever. His people may curse his tyranny, or the tyranny of his officials, and groan under the extortions to which they are subjected. Yet, let a European army land, and they would to a man, or a woman—for the women in some of the tribes follow their husbands to battle—fight for him and for the Faith. People who write so glibly of the French or of the Spaniards 'seizing' on Morocco know little of what they talk. After more than fifty years' occupation, Algeria, in spite of its costly roads and railways, and the sink it has been for French money, is still barely subjected to Frankish rule, though, when the pirates' strong-

hold was captured, the country was broken up among a number of rival princes, who mutually hated each other and the Turks, to whom the Dey and the Algiers janissaries belonged. But there are no railways and no roads except bridle-paths in Morocco, and no such internal dissensions as in Algeria. This the Spaniards discovered; for, though they easily defeated the undisciplined army of Sidi Mohammed—and since then the troops have been reorganised by English and French officers—they found it cheaper to take an indemnity than to occupy Tetuan; and to this day, in spite of their Presidios or posts on the Morocco coast, they maintain so precarious a footing, that the very sentries on the ramparts of these spots are liable to be popped at by the wild tribesmen's long flintlocks.

Something of this the visitor who crosses the Strait of Gibraltar soon learns for himself. He leaves a British fortress and a British town and in a few hours reaches one which, though for more than two centuries Portuguese, for twenty-two years English, and still more tinged by European ways than any other in Morocco, is far more Moorish than Algiers, or Tunis, or Constantine. But the voyager in that brief run passes not only from one quarter of the world to another, from Europe to Africa; he jumps at a bound into the middle ages, into a state of society which he must, in any other part of the world so near the centres of civilisation, merely imagine. He could not see it. For before him lies a walled town, with houses like huge cubes of chalk tumbled down on the slope, crowned by a few green-blinded villas, the homes of 'those who fear not Allah.' This is Tangier—'the City preserved of the Lord.' The shadow of Europe, it is true, has fallen upon it. Beside the square-towered mosques with the little flags which indicate the hour of prayer, there rise hotels for the accommodation of the Infidel; and outside the walls there has been erected of late years a little English church in corrugated zinc—that transition stage of architecture, which all the world over marks a purse above wood, but unequal to stone. The Nazarene—the Rumi or Romans, as the natives, with a persistent memory of their old conquerors, still call them—are here in abundance, though for the most part Spaniards, either born in the place or from Gibraltar, where they are known by the lordly Britons as 'Rock Scorpions.' And here the foreign representatives reside, though the nearest of the three capitals is seven days' ride in the interior. But the Moor is master. In his narrow lane-like street he bears himself like one, and is inclined to yield not one footbreadth of the road to any wandering Unbeliever. On each side of the squalid way are shops like packing-boxes, on the floor of which sits the owner, within easy reach of his wares, while the customer stands on the street bargaining after the weary fashion of the East, the merchant asking twice what he intends to take, the buyer

offering half what he intends to give. Horses and donkeys struggle with the pedestrian for a footing. 'Arra! Arra!' is heard on every side; 'Balak!'—by your leave—is about the first word of Arabic which the new arrival hears, until he passes through the landward gate, or is in the 'Sok' amid a wild concourse of men and beasts.

For it is market-day, and a more picturesque scene it is hard to conceive. We have reached a land in which there are no wheeled carriages, yet the babel of voices furnishes din enough. Amid the dense mass of buyers and sellers, among oxen and sheep, donkeys and camels and horses, we thread our way, stopping ever and anon to watch the unwonted sights around us. Here are two Arabs, all turbaned and 'jellab'-ed and yellow slipped, shrieking and clutching their turbans and invoking their beards and the beard of the Prophet. Another moment, and it seems certain that the curved daggers hanging at their belts will be out. But no; they are only disputing in a friendly way over a coin of which it takes fifty to make fourpence; and the difference settled, the bullion under discussion is transferred to the leather pouch which is invariably slung over the shoulder of every labouring Moor. It is at once his pocket, his purse, and his haversack. A troop of weary camels have arrived it may be from Fez, or from Taflet, on the other side of the Atlas, laden with merchandise from the far-away Soudan, and from their appearance, seem to have had a hard journey, long delayed by the swollen rivers which had to be crossed, and the flooded country over which they had to pass. The tents of some Bedouins are pitched near at hand, their owners, long flintlock on shoulder, glaring defiantly at the Nazarenes, while the Rifian pirates—and they are still at times addicted to the old traits—curse loudly the Christian consul whose *carass* orders them to give way. In a corner, an eager crowd is listening to a glib story-teller, wand in hand, who prattles of Sal-a-din and Al-Manzur, and many a tale which is familiar enough to the reader of the *Arabian Nights*, with some which the folklorist might do well to garner, while in and around and over all is that peculiar odour of argan oil and charcoal fire which is characteristic of a Moorish market-place. Beggars abound. Some are holy men, with axe and cup and the green turban which proclaim them Shercefs or descendants of Mohammed; and villainous scoundrels most of them are. Others are simply mendicants, who find a profit out of the all-abounding charity of the Moslem, even though, like the gigantic negro, with a voice that resounds over the market as he calls for alms in the name of 'God the great,' they may have been robbers deprived of their eyes as a punishment for offences many and manifold. Snake-charmers from Sus are here also. Minstrels abound; and it may be one of the wild fanatical sects of the South, such as the 'Eisouias,' scatter the crowd on either side. A Jewish wedding; an Arab bride carried home in the curious box fastened on a horse's back; or the procession which accompanies the boy who has read the Koran, or completed the ceremony which stamps him for ever as a son of Islam, lend a gayer aspect to the scene.

And whatever may be the morals of the people, it is certain that externally at least Morocco

is the most religious country on the earth. Every act, almost every expression used, is tinged with allusions to the Faith. 'Inshallah' and 'Bismallah'—'If the Lord wills,' and 'In the name of the Lord'—are every minute in the mouth of the rudest peasant. Indeed, the readier he is to cheat you, the more volubly does he invoke the name of the Most High, so that one can well believe the tale of the Gibraltar Jew whose price was twenty-five per cent. higher when his Moorish customers promised to pay 'three months hence—Inshallah,' for 'If the Lord wills' means too frequently, 'If I cannot avoid payment altogether.' The very costermonger recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: 'In the name of Mulaï Idriss! Roast chestnuts!' 'In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadj! Popcorn! Popcorn!' 'In the name of Sidna Ali-bu-Rhaleh! Melons! Nice sweet melons!' 'God is gracious! Beans! Fried beans!' 'There be no might nor majesty save in Allah! Water! Cool water!' These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave-girl, or the bids for a Rabat carpet, is careful to interlard his professional talk freely with allusions to His Maker and the plethora of Moorish saints.

An hour later we are sitting at dinner. Through the open window come the distant hum of the market—the shouts of the donkey-drivers returning home, the groans of the overladen camels, the reports of muskets—of men trying new ones, or of marksmen firing. Tell-like, at oranges held in a friend's hand—the shrill reed-pipes of the wandering musicians, or, it may be, the fusillade of a troop of white-robed cavalry engaged in the favourite Moorish game of 'powder-play.' The Major who has run across from 'Gib.' to have a day with the snipe is inveighing on the wrongs of Irish landlords and the mischiefs of the short-service system, when suddenly there is a silence, and then from every mosque tower comes the long-drawn cry of the muezzin calling to prayer. For a few minutes the din is hushed, and anon the noise and shouts and musket-fire begin afresh. Then darkness falls and the gates are shut; the packing-box-like bazaars are closed with rude padlocks, and every one goes home for the night. The narrow streets are left in darkness, and deserted save for a few curish dogs, and the frowy multitudes which not long ago were crowding the 'Sok' are now miles away in reed-thatched villages, the cactus hedges around which are gay with blossoms in summer and laden with prickly-pear in autumn.

This is Tangier, the most Europeanised of all the towns of Morocco; and the coast-lying places all resemble it more or less. None of them of any consequence, except perhaps Sallee and Azimur, are altogether without Europeans, though in most of them the number is limited to a few families. But though they all bear the impress either of later European influence, or of the time when they were, for the most part, occupied by the Portuguese and Spaniards, the native squalor is out of all proportion to the foreign civilisation. All are crumbling, and all of them dreadfully dirty. Sanitation, except when the European residents undertake to dig the accumulated filth of ages out of the narrow lanes, is unknown. Everything is primitive in the extreme, from the barges

into which the cargo is discharged out of the ships lying in the open bays, to the captain of the port, who intermits his professional occupation of cursing the turbaned barges to pray on the beach when the mosque flag flies. So with the Custom-house officer sitting cross-legged in the shed hard by, and the Bashaw of the city, who administers a kind of corrupt justice according to the Koran under a white-washed archway at the corner.

But it is only when the traveller penetrates the interior that he finds how very stationary is the land of which he has hitherto only seen the outside. He must ride at a walking pace with at least two soldiers, as representing the authority of the Sultan, or take the consequences of the country-folk mistaking his intentions. And he must take with him tents and baggage animals and riding-beasts, a cook, and the wherewithal for him to cook. For we are entering a land in which no man's roof will shelter the Infidel; in which there are no Europeans; where nothing save eggs and fowls can be relied upon as food supplies; where there are no hotels save the caravanserais, where the cattle and their owner are accommodated in the same enclosure; and, above all, where the only roads are in the shape of bridle-paths worn by the trampling of yellow-slipped feet, and endless droves of horses and donkeys, and mules and camels, and goats and sheep and cattle, throughout unnumbered ages. It is rare to find a bridge, and the chances are that the ferry must be crossed on a raft of reeds, while the animals are swum and reloaded on the other side. Possibly, if there is a sudden fall of rain, the traveller may have to wait between two rivers days before the water falls low enough for him to ford. If the period chosen for the journey is autumn, the country is bare and burnt up. It is 'Brown Barbary' indeed. All the landscape is of a tawny hue, and wells and streams alike are of scanty dimensions. But in spring the land is bright with verdure and gay with flowers. Every valley is waving with crops of wheat and maize and barley; or the owner is cutting his corn with his dagger, his flock within easy reach; and the flocks of the roaming tribesmen are pasturing for miles around their acacia-hedged camel-hair tents. Little in the scene suggests Africa. There is no desert; but plenty of oranges and lemons, and grapes and pomegranates, and, except in the South, palms of any sort are rare.

The country in Northern Morocco is for the most part rolling hills, capped with a patch of trees around some saint's white-washed tomb, or covered with thickets of palmetto, out of which coveys of red-legged partridges flutter or wild boars rush snorting. The plains along the river brink are often far-stretching, and as fertile as the American prairies. But cultivation is small, out of all proportion to the population, and the population is so scanty that even in the course of a day's journey only a few people will be met. These are mostly country-folk, laden with provisions for the market, or driving camels and donkeys before them, or soldiers on the Sultan's business, or it may be travellers like ourselves on their way to the coast or to some other town. The city ladies are all veiled. But the country-women take no such precaution except when in towns. Nobody, it must be admitted, is over-genial,

though open incivility is rare. Possibly a waspish old woman will turn to the wall as we pass through a town, or a young one—if the men-folks are about—will speak disrespectfully of our burnt father, who, like ourselves, 'will never see Paradise'; or a laughing-faced country lass trudging to the fair with her red shawl round her neck may, as a saucy repartee to the badinage of our soldiers, inform them that the fire is lit for them and their Nazarene train. At worst, they sulk past, muttering unpleasantnesses, or return our 'Salaam Alikum' (Peace be with you) with the saving clause, 'to those whom God hath given peace'—that is to say, to the 'True Believers' only. Every night we must encamp in some village, the sheik of which is made responsible for our safety, though, after we have left, the good old man will, as likely as not, burn green boughs on the spot where our tents were pitched, in order to purify the sacred soil of Islam from the taint left by such Infidels.

A village may now and then be seen—though, to avoid the extortion of the imperial officials, the villages are usually off the routes of travel—or a half-ruined town encountered. If we desire to halt in one of these, say in Fez or in Marrakesch, we must produce a letter from our consul in Tangier or in Mogador, for there are no consuls or ministers off the coast; and after the governor has granted permission, a place to stay in will be allotted us, the conveniences and the locality of which being carefully apportioned to the supposed rank our letter may indicate. Yet at best we are early made aware that our absence will be excellent company, though every morning, if our credentials merit their attention, a 'mouna' of provisions will be sent us in the Bashaw's, or even in the Sultan's name.

The latter, however, is most likely marching about the country collecting the taxes of refractory tribes; and even if not, unless when he goes to the mosque, it is difficult for any one not an Envoy to have an audience of Mulai el Hassan. He speaks no language except Arabic, and his ministers, mere creatures of the hour, are equally ignorant. They want no change, and they know well that any change must sweep away them and their system of tyranny and extortion. No man is paid more than a nominal salary. He buys his office; and in the course of a few years, if peradventure he is not squeezed dry by the Sultan before he has time to grow rich, recoups himself by all manner of speculation and plunder. The prisons are full of their victims; and no man desires to appear wealthy lest he should tempt these official horse-leeches to bleed him. A few cattle are permitted to be exported to Gibraltar under a special treaty; and wheat has within the last few months been allowed to be sent out of the country, though under conditions which render the concession almost valueless. But no four-footed beast can be exported without the Sultan's permit. Hence, a land which might support fifty millions of people in comfort does not contain a tenth of the number. The mineral deposits—silver, iron, antimony, manganese, gold—are rich, but undeveloped, and every effort to induce the Sultan to open them has been refused, for this would give the Europeans a foothold, and increase the number of those 'protected subjects' which have ever been a source of just irritation

to him. For Morocco, there is, we fear, no future under the present régime, and those who know the country best leave it convinced that without a European war—which all Africa is not worth—there can be no improvement from without. Lord Salisbury has hinted more plainly than at any former date that, as far as Mulai el Hassan is concerned, the sands have nearly run out. But what does this mean? Nothing, except that the Premier's words have by this time been translated into Arabic, and sent to the Sultan as a proof that if Codlin's not the friend, neither is Short. And the Sultan will continue to wag his beard in the gardens of Fez or Mequinez or Marrakesch—fair within, squalid without—well aware that the mutual jealousies of the 'Christians' are the best protection of the land which the Arabs describe as Moghreb-al-Aksa—the Farthest West—and other people as the China of Africa. For Tangier is the Pumpernickel of modern diplomacy. What one Envoy proposes, another opposes. Meantime, Morocco is 'l'Empire qui croule.' But the crumbling has taken a long time. Twelve centuries have left it not much worse than it began—something feebler, not so rich, but assuredly no liker Europe than of old.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER IV.—DOLLY.

THE genial Mr Drew, the wealthy banker, entertained very splendidly. The ballroom of the evening was a lofty marquee on the lawn of the little garden of his house. It was hung with blush-rose silk, and floored compactly with polished oak, and thereafter adorned with ample cool green shrubs, between which were set silk and velvet lounges; and it was illumined with electric lamps enclosed in Chinese lanterns, which subdued the light to a pleasant tone, so that the palest and most weary guests looked fresh and blooming.

Ferrers stood with Lord Debrett by one of the exits into the garden. They had arrived early, Ferrers pleading for that arrangement so that he might 'find his feet,' as he said, before the crowd of people came. Sir William was coming, but he was not yet come.

'I'm rather afraid of this, you know,' said Ferrers. 'I wish I hadn't come. I don't feel at home in these toggs. I feel as if I looked like a waiter or a fool. If I were a little chap, I wouldn't mind; I wouldn't be noticed.'

'Oh, there's nothing to be scared about,' said Lord Debrett. 'You'll be all right.'

'Now tell me truly,' said Ferrers—'don't I look an awkward beggar?'

'You look first chop,' said Lord Debrett promptly.—'Come and have a glass of champagne; that'll steady your nerves.'

They went to the buffet in the supper-room.

'You've got to dance, you know,' said Lord Debrett.

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'Sir William,' said Ferrers, 'seemed to think that after all I'd better not. He particularly wants me not to dance with Miss Dawlish.'

'Miss Dawlish? What Miss Dawlish? Not his old sister?'

'I suppose not,' said Ferrers; 'but I don't know. He's a close old joker.'

'He is,' said Debrett. 'I don't know what his game is at all. But if there's another Miss Dawlish—a young un—it may be about her. Don't you remember he said it concerned a lady? I never heard he had a daughter, though.'

'Maybe his banker brother left a daughter,' suggested Ferrers.

'That must be it!' exclaimed Lord Debrett. 'But at any rate you dance. You'd like a spin with a nice girl, wouldn't you?'

'I would,' said Ferrers at once; his self-confidence was rapidly returning under the stimulus of the generous, foaming liquor he drank.

'Very well,' said Lord Debrett. 'Let's go down.'

As they left the room, Ferrers saw two tall, distinguished gentlemen of about the same height and the same handsomeness of figure—both set off by their well-fitting evening dress—come straight towards them. He had taken a step to stand aside in order to let them pass, when he stood stock still. 'By Jingo!' he exclaimed. It was himself and Lord Debrett reflected in a tall glass near the door! He curled his moustaches and passed on, well satisfied with his appearance.

He had barely returned into the ballroom—where there was now a considerable throng—when he was met by Mrs Drew, a comfortable City lady with a Roman nose, to whom he had been introduced on his arrival.

'I've been looking for you, you naughty man,' said she. 'I want to introduce you to your cousin Dolly.'

He was led without any objection on his part towards a young lady who stood fanning herself and talking with a gentleman. She turned as they approached and awaited their coming with an evidently lively interest. She was not tall—she would stand no higher than Ferrers' chest—but she was plump, comely, and bright-eyed. Mrs Drew introduced them.

'Now I'll leave you,' said she. 'It must be a great many years since you two have met, and you must have a great deal to say to each other—and you must dance.'

Ferrers had nothing whatever to say, and Dolly did not help him, for she was shy. But he had sufficient presence of mind to be aware that under these circumstances the best thing was to ask her to dance.

'They have just begun a waltz,' said he. 'You are not engaged for it?'

'No,' said she.

'May I?'—he asked.

She took his arm; they stepped out; and away they went. Ferrers thought her most sweet and adorable. As they swung round easily in time

with the music, in the close contact of the waltz, Ferrers' awkwardness vanished, and he began to talk.

'It must be a great many years since we met,' said he, making a brave dash at a leading question.

'Oh yes,' said she. 'I don't think we've met since I was a little girl and you were a big boy just done with school.—You hadn't much of a moustache then,' she continued, glancing up at him.

'No,' said he; 'but I daresay I shaved hard to get one.'

'And you must have stretched hard, too, to grow tall,' said she, with a merry little laugh. 'I never expected to find you so big.'

'Oh,' said he, 'I hope I'm not too big. Shall I try to grow smaller? I've been afraid for a long time there was too much of me.'

'Don't be foolish,' said she. 'Of course you're not too big.'

'If you don't think me too big, I don't care,' said he, and he tingled throughout his frame with the thought of having uttered something delicious and daring.

She blushed a little, and was silent; and he was silent too.

Presently the waltz came to an end, Ferrers feeling he had not had nearly enough of it, and forgetting, in Dolly's charming company, Sir William's request that he would not dance with Miss Dawlish.

'Don't you think,' he asked, 'that we might have another dance together?'

'I don't know,' said she, as he led her to a seat. 'Not the next one, at anyrate. That might seem too noticeable, even though we are cousins.'

'Oh, yes,' said he; 'the next one, please.'

'Why?' she asked; and there was the flush of health on her cheek and the sparkle of challenge in her eye.

'Why?' said he. 'Don't you guess that I should like to be with you as long as possible?'

She said nothing, but she blushed divinely; and soon another dance—a waltz again—was struck up.

'I'm glad it's a waltz,' said he, as they swung away in the sensuous, intoxicating motion: 'it lets you talk without bothering your head about all kinds of figures and turns and twists.'

'I suppose,' said she, with apparent irrelevance, 'when boys grow up to be men they always improve?'

'They ought to,' said he. 'But why do you say that?'

'Because I think you are so much nicer than you used to be.'

'Am I?' said he, with a certain sense of triumph over his other, his former self, the real William Dawlish.

'You don't remember, I daresay,' said she, 'what a spoiled, sulky boy you were; how, whenever I was down at Dawlish Place, you used to tease me and my dog, and not let me look at the treasures of pipes and things you kept in a box?'

'What?' said Ferrers, unconsciously identifying himself with the person spoken of. 'Did I smoke then?'

'Oh yes. Don't you remember that? You

even smoked nasty tobacco with the horrid stable-boy and the gardener's boy.'

'What a disagreeable fellow!' exclaimed Ferrers with feeling.

'Well,' said she, with a woman's tender talent for excuse of those she is interested in, 'seventeen is a disagreeable age. It is eight years since then.'

'I'm twenty-five, am I?' thought he, with a troublesome consciousness that he was five years more than that.

'And you have seen and done a great many things, and suffered many things, too—haven't you?'

'Yes; I suppose I have.'

'I daresay,' said she, with a half-shy, half-defiant glance up at him, 'I was not nice then, either.'

'I am sure,' said he, 'you were always nice.'

'I don't believe you remember,' said she, with a laugh, 'whether I was or not!'

He was prevented from replying by the sudden qualm of concern which seized him on noting, as they whirled round, that Sir William had arrived and was regarding him with no very pleasant aspect, while he bent over a shrivelled duenna with a curious glittering head-dress!

'Who is that,' he asked of Dolly, 'that Sir William is talking to? I can't see very well.'

'Why, don't you know? That's Aunt Dawlish. Have you forgotten her?'

'Bless me!' he exclaimed. 'Is that Aunt Dawlish?'

'And why,' she asked, 'do you call your father "Sir William"?'

'He is Sir William?'

'Of course; but it sounds odd for you to call him that.'

'I suppose it does. I've got into the way of it without thinking.'

He was glad that at that moment she proposed to slip from the whirl of waltzers to cool herself in the outer air of the garden. He marked, ere they went, where Sir William stood—talking about him, he was convinced, by the look he had noted—and then, when they were out, he led her towards the spot which he had marked with his eye. He found a garden chair for her, while he himself leaned against one of the slim poles of the marquee. His experience of camp-life had taught him how to overhear a conversation within a tent. With his pocket-knife he made a slit in the canvas wall and leaned his ear into it. His chance cut was a good one. He found he was immediately against Sir William's shoulder.

'The young man,' said Sir William, 'will give no trouble; he's as docile as a dog—though I did tell him not to dance with Dolly. When this is settled, I'll give him his *congé*, and he'll never know what he was used for.'

'I hope he's as simple as you think him,' said the lady. 'He doesn't look to me as if he were.'

('And he isn't, ma'am!' thought Ferrers.)

'But at anyrate,' continued the lady, 'I can have nothing to say to him.'

'But you must,' declared Sir William with energy. 'Listen to me.'

And Ferrers heard no more.

'I hear you have only just arrived from abroad,' said Dolly; 'but I suppose you know we are going down to Dawlish Place next week?'

'Yes,' said he; 'I've heard of it.' ('But only this minute,' he thought.)

'You'll be there, won't you?'

'Oh yes; I expect I shall be there.'

Whether, because she thought him becoming dull and unresponsive, or because it was time—the music and the dance ceasing at that moment—Dolly said she wished to go in. Ferrers gave her his arm.

'Take me to Aunt Dawlish,' said she.

But as they approached Aunt Dawlish, that lady rose with a great commotion of the glittering and dangling ornaments of her head-dress and fluttered away. Dolly incontinently left Ferrers' arm and hurried after her, saying: 'What's the matter, aunt?' Ferrers turned and looked at Sir William, who was lowering and showing his teeth.

'I asked you,' said Sir William, 'not to dance with Miss Dawlish.'

'I couldn't help it,' said Ferrers. 'Mrs Drew introduced us.'

Sir William nodded once or twice half-absently, and then moved away after the ladies without another word. Ferrers was hurt and angry. He turned and marched out into the garden. He sat down in the chair Dolly had occupied and chewed his moustache. Presently his attention was seized by some desultory talk he overheard. Two or three young men stood a little way off smoking cigarettes.

'They tell me,' said one, 'that was young Dawlish—that whacking six-footer—dancing with his cousin Dolly.'

'Nonsense,' said another—'not Sir Billy's rip of a son! He used to look like a long monkey up a stick!'

'Fact, though,' said the first. 'He's been away somewhere for years—exploring Central Asia or Central Africa or Central America!'

'Central something, I'll be bound,' laughed the other. 'And he's lost all his monkeyness.'

'It'll take me a long time to get used to the idea that that big chap is the Will Dawlish I once knew,' said the other. 'I always thought he'd gone cracked—wrong in his upper story, you know.'

'Tom,' said a third, 'you always get hold of the wrong end of a thing. Even at school, you were always getting your book upside down, and taking hold of your private frying-pan by anything but the handle. He went wrong, but not in the head. What's the confounded rhyme? You know—"In consequence of which he was ruined *totally*, and married a lady in the *corps de ballet*."

'Oh, that's it, is it?' thought Ferrers. 'If there's a real William Dawlish in existence, he is married already, it appears.'

And he rose and slipped away. He entered the marquee, but he did not linger there. He passed through it into the supper-room and went to the buffet. While standing there, he turned and saw a black-muzzled man, not in evening dress—the very man he had dropped the evening before into the basin in Trafalgar Square—curiously regarding him! He wondered, with a sudden quickening of alarm, if he were now to be found out. Had he, when he talked to the man, betrayed that he had been a private soldier? He could not remember,

though he did not think he had. In any case, he thought it prudent to withdraw. And so, without stopping to consider whether it was 'good form' or not, he got his hat and coat and left the house.

THE COLOURS OF THE STARS.

THAT must be a very careless-minded and unobservant person who, when crossing an open heath on a bright starlight night, does not linger a while to gaze at, perhaps to guess at, the innumerable luminous points glistening throughout the sky in this small patch of boundless space which we are apt to call the universe. Some, he will note, as in the Milky Way, are like shining dust sown broadcast along certain tracts of the heavens; others, gradually increasing in visible magnitude and distinctness, assume the aspect of individual and independent centres of light and—who can doubt it?—of heat. He will involuntarily murmur to himself Mrs Barbauld's lines:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

The problem of 'What you are' has, with other branches of physical science, made considerable advances towards solution. To those who complain that we still know so little about natural phenomena, it may be replied that the wonder is that we know so much; and above all, that what we do know, we know as surely and certainly as we can predict that an apple, detached by a gale of wind from the branch on which it hangs, will inevitably fall to the ground.

An ordinary observer, blessed with healthy sight, and not afflicted with colour-blindness, like those unfortunates who cannot distinguish the red of a cherry from the green of the leaves amidst which it has ripened, will soon perceive that every star does not shine with exactly the same hue or tint of light. Some, like the Dog Star, send forth rays of most brilliant white—veritable diamonds in the sky; others are decidedly red; others, again, beam delicate shades of blue or lilac. These diversities of colour amongst the stars are more conspicuous and striking in tropical skies than in our own misty latitudes.

The planets are not in question here; but even they differ in colour. Mars presents a ruddy disc, attributed by some to the reflection of the sun's rays from a red sandstone or a red-clay surface; by others, from a red-leaved vegetation, like our own purple or crimson varieties of cabbage, coleus, and orache—the last, though a kitchen herb, being often grown for ornamental purposes. Jupiter, the giant planet, the most brilliant after Venus, is brightly white, although it has been doubted whether we see, not its actual surface itself, but the bands of cloudy vapour in which it is enveloped. The colour of the disc, however, is variable, with changes in the hue of certain portions almost from day to day. Saturn, to the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, but much less bright than Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, and of a slightly leaden tint. This sombre hue, together with the

slowness of its movement round the sun—twenty-nine years, five months, and sixteen days—induced the ancients to regard it as an unlucky star, exerting an evil influence on human affairs. Of Saturn's three rings, the middle one is always brighter than the planet itself. His satellites have been observed to vary in their respective brightness, as if they always turned the same face to the planet, exactly as the moon always turns the same face to the earth. The first three satellites are all nearer to Saturn than the moon is to the earth, and would be still nearer if their distance was measured from the surface instead of the centre of the planet.

Many stars which appear single to the unassisted eye are found, when viewed through a good telescope, to be double, triple, and even multiple; that is, they are associated suns, in most cases revolving round each other at varying distances, and each no doubt attended by its own system of planets and their satellites. The double and the multiple stars often present great varieties as well as contrasts of colour. Some require higher powers of the telescope than others to show that they are separate. Instead of being white, they often shine with differently coloured lights; the emerald is coupled with the ruby, the topaz with the sapphire, the opal with the amethyst. Sometimes these marvellous stars remain apparently fixed and immovable. Long years of observation have discovered no change in their relative positions. Sometimes, on the contrary, the associated stars gravitate one round the other, the smaller round the more massive, like the moon round the earth and the earth round the sun, with periods varying from only a few years to several centuries.

M. Camille Flammarion informs us that a great number of systems consist of two suns of equal magnitude. The majority are white or yellow; but one hundred and thirty are known whose two suns are differently coloured, and amongst them eighty-five where the contrast is remarkable, the principal sun being orange, and the second green or blue. He also gives a short list of the most beautifully coloured double stars, which, as maps of the stars are now so good and so inexpensive, must be useful to those who wish to find them.

In his admirably copious volume, *Les Étoiles et les Curiosités du Ciel*, he directs attention to a very extraordinary star in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, namely μ of Cepheus. The Greek letters are used to indicate the stars in a constellation. Look for it near α . William Herschel called it Garnet Sidus (the Garnet Star), and such, in fact, its colour is. Sometimes it is as red as a garnet illuminated by electric light, and sometimes it shines with a vivid translucent orange tint. It is the reddest star visible by the naked eye; the telescope shows stars which are completely blood-red. To appreciate its remarkable hue, one ought first to look at a white star, such as α of Cepheus.

From the redness of this star and the quality of its light as examined by spectral analysis, M. Flammarion concludes that it is undoubtedly a case of a fast-declining star in the final stage of its existence as a sun. When we behold this ruddy star faintly glimmering in the neighbourhood of the Pole Star, we may safely regard it

as heralding extinction to all that depends on the warmth of its beams.

The *Annuaire of the Bureau des Longitudes* for 1888 publishes an interesting 'Notice Scientifique,' by M. Janssen, on the Age of the Stars. The stars being suns analogous to our own, he maintains that they are subject to laws of evolution, resulting for them in a beginning, a period of activity, a decline, and an end. The stars are formed of nebular matter, which, condensed, gave birth to suns and to the planetary bodies which form their retinue. White or bluish light, like that of the Dog Star, is emitted by suns in full possession of their highest energy. After Sirius, we have Vega, belonging to the constellation of the Lyre, a white star, seen in summer in the zenithal regions of our sky. It is admitted that the mass of this sun has risen to a very high temperature, and that it has before it long periods of activity and undiminished radiation.

Another class of stars betrays, by spectral analysis, a more advanced degree of condensation. Though still powerful, they have passed what may be called their youth. To this class our own sun belongs. Remarkable fact: in general the colour of these stars corresponds to their constitution. It has no longer the splendour, the whiteness which characterise stars belonging to the first class. Some are yellow, and even orange.

But there are stars still more advanced in their sidereal evolution. Their spectrum shows signs of fatal cooling. The colour of such stars answers to the other conditions which are admitted as signs of their decrepitude. It has turned to deep orange, often passing to sombre red.

The colour of the stars has thus been taken to indicate the age of those heavenly bodies. Another astronomer, M. A. Cornu, has endeavoured, from the colours of the stars, to trace their motions; for stars are no longer supposed to be fixed; fixed stars are obsolete. Now, if a star is moving across our visual line—that is, across the straight line drawn from our eye to the star itself—either perpendicularly or transversely—the direction of its motion will be observable, although perhaps with difficulty, on account of the apparent minuteness of the measurable distance. But if the star is moving directly along our line of vision—that is, advancing directly towards us or receding from us—its motion will be hard to ascertain by the above-mentioned means of measurement.

M. Cornu proposed to solve the problem by the colour of the star and the spectral analysis of its light. He investigated the influence of the relative movement of a sonorous or a luminous body on the sound or the light heard or seen by a stationary observer. Both sound and light are produced and conveyed by waves or pulsations. But suppose the observer to be in motion, retreating, for instance, away from the source of sound or light, that is, travelling in the same direction as the propagation of the pulsations or waves; such an observer will receive, in a unity of time, fewer pulsations than the source emits, because he is moving in the same direction as the undulations. He would not receive any if he were moving with the same velocity as theirs. Consequently, an observer, travelling away from a

sonorous source, will hear a lower sound than that actually given out by the source itself; for the scale of sounds, from high to low, is characterised by the diminished number of vibrations in a given unity of time. In the case of a source of white light, the observer will behold a redder light, because the gamut of spectral colours, from violet to red, corresponds to the gamut of sounds from high to low.

Inversely, if the observer travels towards the source, that is, in a direction to meet the emitted waves, the number of pulsations received in a given unity of time will be greater; the sounds will therefore appear sharper or the white light more violet.

The source of vibration has been supposed in this statement to be stationary and the observer in motion; but the same reasoning would lead to analogous conclusions if the source were in motion, receding from or approaching an observer in repose; from which it evidently results that it is the relative movement alone which plays the decisive part, allowing us, to simplify the argument, to suppose the observer fixed and the source in motion.

Some of the conclusions (Doppler's, quoted by M. Cornu) are these: By the approach of a luminous object, the intensity of its light is continuously increasing. With an increasing velocity, its coloration passes from white to green, then to blue, and finally to violet. If the velocity of a star happens to change, its colour as well as its intensity suffers variation; and it may well be that in the lapse of time a star may assume all the colours of the spectrum.

Stars, then, it is clear, have ceased to be fixed. Our own sun, planets, moons, and all, are fast rushing, we are told, in the direction of the constellation Hercules, where a well-known prodigious agglomeration of stars is to be found. We shall probably never get a nearer view of them, as Hercules will be on his travels too. But no matter whither we are going, provided we do not jostle by the way, an accident we need hardly apprehend, there being plenty of room for us in any direction.

THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun had so nearly sunk below the horizon that its rays barely touched the tops of a range of low hills which line the edge of the vast prairie which runs northward and eastward from Great Bucephalus, leaving the intermediate hollows in a shade which would soon be the darkness of night, when a group of residents of the city, who were looking in that direction, saw a string of wagons turn the angle of the hills and come directly towards their important 'location.'

'Five teams!' said one of the lookers-on; 'and all passenger teams, you bet! Where on earth can they be going? To Strapley's Mills, I should say, or?'

'They are coming here!' exclaimed another, a tall, stalwart, young fellow. 'They would have avoided our slope if they had been going to the Mills.—Don't you think so, Mr Eltran?'

'I do think so,' replied Eltran, who had been

among the observers. 'But what they want here I cannot guess. They surely cannot be troops. I only hope they may be.'

'Troops! I should think not!' said the first speaker. 'No one ever saw troops travel in such— Why, darn me! there's a woman in the first wagon.'

'There is indeed,' assented the young man. 'They must have crossed the Broken Prairie and come through Little Fox Hills.' He said this with something in his tone which was almost awe.

This was echoed by the first speaker, who said: 'A woman must have real grit who could cross the plains now, and come through hills where the Apaches swarm like prairie dogs.'

'True. But perhaps they are strangers in the territory, and did not know their danger,' continued the young man; 'so they— Why, she sees us, and is making signals to us. She is waving a handkerchief. And there is another woman, and she is waving a handkerchief too. I will answer them.' With this the young fellow took a scarf from his neck, and in the next instant would doubtless have carried out his intention, but Eltran placed his hand on his arm and said: 'No; do not, Phil. I think they are coming to me.'

The young man turned in some surprise to the speaker, whose voice was a little huskier than before, while he looked much concerned.

'I think they are friends of mine,' he continued. 'I hope not; but I think it is so.—Let us go down and meet them.'

In accordance with this suggestion, the trio walked down the long slope, which the teams were ascending at a very slow pace; for there were no made roads around Great Bucephalus city, and it was well to spare the mules. A few other 'citizens' had also been watching the approaching teams, but did not take sufficient interest in their approach to induce them to go towards them.

There was no mistake as to there being women in the first wagon, or as to their making signals; and as these were redoubled when Eltran raised his hat, he was clearly right in his conjecture that the party were his friends. On the wagon halting at some impediment, a young man leapt from his seat, and with a hearty shout of recognition, ran over the space between him and the three citizens. On reaching them, he grasped the hand of Eltran and wrung it heartily. 'We have come, old fellow!' he cried. 'We said we would, and here we are. Polly with the two children and Aggy are in the wagon.—Are these gentlemen my new neighbours?'

'Yes,' returned Eltran; but his speech was hesitating, almost faltering, with nothing of the hearty ring with which the new arrival had spoken. 'This is Mr Philip Trayle, a farmer in the vicinity; and this gentleman is Mr Abel Martleton, store-keeper—our principal store-keeper.'

The new-comer shook hands with the citizens, and then said hurriedly, for the wagons had now moved on, and were coming up: 'My old friend has omitted to tell you who I am. I am John—more often Jack Boytell, from London, a genuine Cockney—I hope you know what a Cockney is?—and therefore exactly qualified to seek and make

my fortune in the Far West, which is precisely what I have come to do.' He laughed cheerfully again as he said this, and indeed seemed a hearty, frank, young fellow enough.

The citizens shook hands again after this announcement, and he who had been called Martleton responded. 'We were in the positions our friend Eltran has mentioned,' he said; 'but we have concluded to clear out; and to-morrow, or on the next day at farthest, we shall make tracks.'

'What! Do you mean?' began Boytell.

But the wagons now drew up alongside; and Eltran, in reply to a shrill cry of delight from the women and children, sprang to the first one, his countenance brightening for the moment; hitherto, it had presented a marked contrast to the genial expression of the face of his friend Boytell.

Two women and two children were helped from the vehicle, all of whom Eltran kissed and warmly welcomed. Several packages were 'unshipped'—so they called it there—from the vehicles, and then the cavalcade moved on towards the open prairie, not climbing the remainder of the ascent to Great Bucephalus city, which certainly was rather steep on that side, and might have been avoided on that account; but it was assuredly not in reference to the slope that a man who seemed to be the leader of the expedition spoke in conclusion to a brief conversation he had held with the two citizens while Eltran was engrossed with his relatives, and the leader spoke in a low hurried undertone.

'I know that, strangers,' he said in reply to a remark made by Mr Trayle as to the impolicy of pushing on with the tired mules; 'but we shall reach Strapley's Mills in two or three hours. It is a good road, and a safe place, I hear, to rest at. I would sooner go on quite a piece farther than stay any time at Great Bucephalus. Yes; that is so.' He smacked his horse-whip as he ended his speech; and the mules moving on, soon drew the wagons to the open prairie, across which the teams journeyed at no great pace, for, good as the driver had declared the road to be, it was, after all, only the rough natural prairie.

Meanwhile, a small wagon had been brought down, and the luggage having been placed thereon, and one or two fresh introductions having taken place, the whole party ascended the slope to the city.

'And is this Great Bucephalus City, of which you wrote so much?' exclaimed Mr Boytell. 'Why, where are the streets, and the houses, and the people?' He spoke to Eltran and Trayle, the latter being the citizen who had brought the wagon; and Eltran, instead of replying directly to this question, said, turning to Boytell: 'Did you not get the letter I sent to Macdiggen & Co. at New York? I understood you were to call there.'

'Letter! No,' returned the other. 'And what is more, we did not go to New York at all; we came by Boston.'

Eltran uttered an exclamation of surprise, which sounded not unlike a groan.

'But what was your letter about?' continued Boytell. 'Was it of consequence?'

'No. At least it does not matter now,' was Eltran's answer, and the tone in which it was

spoken was so cheerless that Mr Jack Boytell stared in some surprise at the speaker, who, seeing this, made a strong effort to rally himself, and at once breaking into a hearty or, at anyrate, a loud laugh, turned to his sisters and the children and uttered a little jest on their rosy appearance.

The success of this digression was but momentary, as the first sentence spoken by his unmarried sister, Agatha, showed too plainly. 'Which is your house, George; and which is ours, and where is the church you were building?' she asked; 'and where'—

'This is my shanty, Aggy,' said Eltran, cutting short a string of questions which he might have found it difficult to answer; 'and these are some more of my neighbours and my old friends.'

This referred to the few citizens of Great Bucephalus who had been watching the arrival and departure of the 'outfit' from the crest of the mound on which the city was built.

More introductions followed; and while all the residents were very civil and even kind in their manner, yet in their manner was also something which surprised Boytell and, as he found on comparing notes, his fellow-travellers also. A total absence of cheerfulness, and an aspect of gravity, yet combined with a searching look, too apparently characterised the whole.

The new-comers were received by Mrs Eltran in what her husband had called his 'shanty'—a large wooden house, roomy and convenient enough, but so devoid of furniture, that its bare aspect struck quite a gloom and chill upon the strangers, warm though the night was.

'Why, George,' exclaimed Mrs Boytell, 'I thought you had some kind of warehouse or sale-room. Is this it?'

'No, my dear,' said Mrs Eltran, her husband again seeming to have some difficulty in answering. 'We concluded not to keep on our store, and our furniture is nearly all boxed up, as we shall quit this to-morrow.'

'What! Leave this place?' exclaimed the new-comers with one accord, in a surprise not wonderful at hearing this announcement.

'Yes,' continued Mrs Eltran; 'George thought you knew, and—and we consequently did not expect you.'

The speaker faltered in her turn, and looked meaningly at her husband, who, with a palpable effort, said: 'That is just how it is, Polly;' he spoke to his sister; 'and it was to explain this and save you a long journey that I wrote to New York. Of course I thought you had received my letter, and so I was— However,' he continued with a fresh effort, and a glance, which was perhaps involuntary, at the children, 'you must prolong your travels a little, and go with us—that is all.'

'But where, in the name of all that is unlucky, are we going?' was the very reasonable inquiry of Boytell.

'Why, as to that, you see—just at present,' returned Eltran, who was more confused than ever, 'we do not—in fact, we have not made up our minds exactly where to go.'

'Lor! Good gracious!' ejaculated both the women together.

'And the cattle-farm I was to start on,' said Boytell, 'shall I have to give up that idea? Even if you leave here, perhaps I might'—

'No; it is not to be done now,' interposed Eltran. 'It is too long a story for me to attempt any explanation to-night. All I can say is that we shall start early in the morning; and I expect our first stage will be Strapley's Mills. Phil Trayle is going with us.'

'Strapley's Mills!' echoed Boytell. 'Why, that is the very place where our conductor said he should go to; and I remember now that he intimated it was preferable to Great Bu— But Mr Trayle going with you! Is he also about to leave the—the city?'

'He is,' returned Eltran, who then changed the subject so decidedly as to show he did not wish to continue it.

This conversation, brief as it was, had increased rather than lessened the gloom which was too palpably settling down upon the whole party; and despite the kindness and attention of Mr and Mrs Eltran, who strove by all the means in their power to bring back some cheerfulness to the group, and to make the new-comers feel at home, the mischief was done, and could not so be remedied. During the further conversation which followed, each member of the party made a feint, to the best of his or her ability, of being absorbed in the topics, and of not being conscious of some separate and concealed matter, over which each one was brooding and speculating; but the veriest stranger could not have been deceived by such pretences, or would have failed to see how ill at ease all were.

At last it was time to put the children to bed—they were a boy and girl of two and four years old respectively—and, with Mrs Eltran, 'Polly and Aggy,' the mother and aunt, went to the chamber which, as the latter were warned, had been so hurriedly prepared for them as to be lacking in some of the comforts which their hostess would fain have supplied, but under the circumstances this was clearly impossible.

Just as the women and children left the room, a citizen, who appeared from his dress to be a teamster, or what we are now prone to term a 'cowboy,' entered, and called Mr Eltran out on some business, to which, with a hasty apology to his remaining guest, he was forced to attend.

Boytell being thus left to himself, decided it would be pleasanter to smoke for a few minutes outside, as the bare room in which he was sitting was very dull, and he thought, also, he should like to see a little more of the city. So he went out; but as regarded his seeing much of Great Bucephalus, he was disappointed. The night was starry and clear; but there was no moon, nor was there a single glimmer from window or door to show that any one was stirring in the place, save that down in a hollow he saw lights and moving figures in what he judged was a stable; and he judged, also, that Mr Eltran had gone there. Anything more blank and cemetery-like, even in the way of a village, he had never before beheld; and the silence and obscurity were scarcely likely to cheer him, or to raise the depressed tone of his spirits.

His reverie was taking a more decided tinge of melancholy, when a voice—so close to him that he was startled, for on the soft earth there the approaching footstep had made no sound—said: 'Why, Squire Boytell, to be sure! Are you taking a survey of our city, Squire?' The

speaker was Mr Phil Trayle, the young fellow to whom he had been introduced, and to whom he had already taken a great liking. He was heartily glad of the interruption; and half-seriously, half-jestingly, spoke of the silence of the place, and of the stables being the only spot which showed any signs of life.

'Yes, that is so,' returned the young man; but there was nothing which savoured of jesting in his tone. 'The citizens are there, or most of them, preparing to leave in the morning.'

'Preparing to leave!' repeated Boytell. 'Are any more of them going?'

'I reckon I saw you introduced to Squire Martleton,' said Trayle; and on receiving an affirmative reply, continued: '*He* is going. In fact, there will not be many citizens left in Great Bucephalus in forty-eight hours from this; that is a fact.'

'Is the place to be deserted, then?' exclaimed Boytell.

'I reckon you have fixed it about the only way it can be fixed,' replied Trayle; 'and we are kinder afraid that we have not deserted it soon enough.'

'But what for? Why are you all going at once?' asked Boytell. 'Is there any fever or infectious illness in the place?'

'Has not our friend Eltran told you yet?' said Phil.

'He has not,' returned the other; 'and seems to evade my questions.'

'I do not much wonder. Yet you and your helpless women ought to know,' continued Trayle, and there was an added gravity in his speech which sounded ominously to his listener. 'I have no doubt that Squire Eltran told you all about it in the letter that you so unluckily missed; but the fact is that the northern Apaches have broken from their reservations, while there are no troops within two hundred miles, and none can be sent for a long time.'

'Troops!' echoed his listener. 'What do you want of troops?'

Trayle laughed at this query; but there was little merriment in his laughter, which indeed ended with something like a sigh, as he continued: 'The troops are wanted right away, if they are to do us any good, for the Apaches mean burning Great Bucephalus; and this, too, means scalping every man, woman, and child in the city, if they come before we have made tracks. I do not mean to say they have not been ill used, and perhaps if I was an Injun, I should be nearly as bad as they are. But they are an awful race in their cruelty, and we hear there are twelve hundred warriors on the war-path, under old Simon the Scalper; that is his American name, you know. He calls himself Abrakalaksh. He is the cruellest brute on the frontier.'

'This, then,' said Boytell, drawing a long breath, 'is why Eltran wrote to me, and why his wife and himself seem so dispirited.'

'That is so,' returned Phil, who was now evidently disposed to go on and complete his history. 'Yet, stranger, if you would be safe in any man's house, it would be in Squire Eltran's, for all the Injuns liked him, and both friend George and his wife were always kind to the squaws and paposes—paposes are the children, you know—and in an ordinary way they would

have died for either of them. But this is not ordinary, and all the warriors must follow Simon on the war-path. Matters might be better but for some white loafers and scallywags who ought to have been lynched long ago.'

'Some what?' exclaimed Boytell, who was of course painfully interested in the narrative.

'Loafers and scallywags,' repeated Trayle; 'outlaws and traitors who have either joined the Injuns, or are advising them what to do; and these scoundrels have a spite against Great Bucephalus, as we did lynch two of them here last spring. If the Injuns had not stopped to burn two towns on their road, they would have been here to-day. As it is—Do you see that man there, just at the corner of the fence?'

'Yes; I see him.'

'Well, that is one of our scouts,' continued Phil. 'We have had three out every night since the alarm was given. Red men never attack at night, as a rule; but with nearly all tribes there is a set of outcast, cowardly, bad Injuns, whom these whites would be sure to get hold of, and teach them everything that is cunning and dangerous, so we may have to fight at any hour.'

'And this Strapley's Mills that you have spoken of,' said Boytell, 'and that our wagons were going on to, what sort of a place is that?'

'I estimate that your boss driver had heard more than he chose to tell you,' answered Trayle. 'I never saw a man in such a hurry to get away. —Well, Strapley's Mills is a stone building; and all the Injuns on the planet could not take it, if they did not starve it out; while, as there is nothing there but the mills and the shanties for the men, old Simon is not likely to waste his time and risk his warriors where it would be all fight and no plunder. We shall be safe there for a day or two, until, perhaps, we can get further intelligence; but we cannot make a great stay, as there will be no provisions beyond what we carry along ourselves. For a time we shall be safe in the enclosure between the mills, and that is something.—See! Squire Eltran has come back, and is looking around for you. I shall start with you in the morning; so good-bye until then.—I reckon your friend Eltran will be glad to find you know the worst.'

Boytell thanked the kindly young fellow, and then turned towards the house, at the door of which, visible by the light of a lamp in the room behind him, Eltran could be seen peering out into the night, in quest, doubtless, of his absent friend.

LYLY AND THE EUPHUISTS.

Few of the grand army of novel-readers ever suspect that they are in anyway indebted for their innocent merriment to the old Elizabethan writer John Lyly; yet, both as regards matter and style, the novel bears unmistakable traces of a useful legacy bequeathed by this almost forgotten author. M. Jusserand, the pleasant and painstaking writer on English life and literature in the days of long ago, has recently shown how Richardson, and through him modern fiction as a whole, owes an eternal debt of gratitude to that once popular romancer, the author

of *Euphuës*. It may be necessary to remind a few readers that he was born in or about the year 1553; thus first seeing the light about the same time as his great contemporary, Edmund Spenser. As in the case of Shakespeare, very little is known with certainty of his life. We know that he was a little man, that he was married, and fond of smoking and reading, and that is nearly all. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and took a degree. In 1579 was published his book, *Euphuës, or the Anatomy of Wit*, which proved to be the most popular romance of the sixteenth century. It gave a name to the affectation in style and speech already in vogue, of which it was the most elaborate and powerful representation. 'Euphuism,' as it is called, was not only fashionable with the literary worker, but even amongst the ladies of Elizabeth's court. Sir Henry Blount, in his preface to some of Lyly's dramatic pieces, says: 'That beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.' It had a brilliant if somewhat chequered career, and was the prevailing literary taste for a quarter of a century; and the praise or dispraise or mere reference by contemporary and succeeding writers is of frequent occurrence. Shakespeare, in his *Love's Labour's Lost*, tilts at the popular style with his usual wit and poetry—in the following lines amongst others:

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical;

His treatment of it was, however, mild and good-natured, and it is safe to say that he always regarded it with a kindly eye, and occasionally adopted the style. In *Henry IV.*, he makes the King say to Prince Hal: 'Though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.' Ben Jonson ridicules and Drayton satirises Lyly in his panegyric on Sidney, as

Playing with words and idle similes,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They spake and writ, all like mere lunatics.

Sir Walter Scott, in the *Monastery*, gives an unfavourable picture of 'Euphuism,' and introduces Sir Piercie Shafton as an example of the old Euphuists. This study of the great novelist's is, however, generally considered more of a caricature than a likeness. Kingsley, on the other hand, introduces the subject into his romantic *Westward Ho*, and speaks of *Euphuës* as a 'brave, righteous, and pious book.'

There is some little difficulty in defining what Euphuism really is, owing to the indiscriminate use of the word as a kind of synonym for the artificial wit and general affectation of Elizabethan times. The distinctive characteristics of Lyly's Euphuism are now considered to be transverse

alliteration, elaborate antithesis, and a redundancy of similes from simple phenomena or fabulous natural history. As Sir Philip Sidney says:

Or with strange similes enrich each line
Of herbs or beasts, which Ind' or Africk hold.

The simple stringing together of many words beginning with the same letter, as exemplified in the line 'apt alliteration's artful aid,' had but few charms for Lyly. His style is more complicated and difficult, the alliteration being skilful, intricate, and subtle. To give a correct idea of the transverse method it is necessary to quote an example: 'I have shined thee in my heart for a trustie friende, I will shunne thee heerafter as a trothles foe.'

The following quotation will serve as a specimen of the remaining two chief characteristics: 'The fine christall is sooner crazed than the harde marble, the greenest beech burneth faster than the dryest oke, the fairest silke is soonest soyled, and the sweetest wine tourneth to the sharpest vinegar.'

Lyly must not be credited with the introduction of Euphuism, though he was the first to bring it to perfection. Two years before *Euphuës* appeared, George Pettie had published *A Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure*, which book contains the chief elements of Euphuism. It was, indeed, scarcely of English growth at all. The history of its origin is interesting, but by no means complete or satisfactory. Many literary historians regard it as merely one of the extravagant follies which came in at the Renaissance, when each country tried to cultivate a vernacular literature, and avoid the servile imitation of Greek and Latin writers. Others have thought it was the natural result of the predominance of Italian literary influence in the sixteenth century, as it is well known that attempts were made to 'Italianate' the English language. It has also been awarded a French origin, and likewise attributed to the mannerism of some one single writer. The names of Du Bartas, Marini, and Guevara, respectively, have been submitted as claimant for the honour of paternity. There is but little doubt that Lyly was acquainted with the works of Guevara, and, like many greater Elizabethans, was not altogether guiltless of the 'higher plagiarism.' Don Antonio de Guevara, a Spanish ecclesiastic and author, published his *Marco Aurelio* in 1529; and it was 'done into English' by Lord Berners a few years afterwards with great literary and commercial success. The leading features of Euphuism are here present: the transverse alliteration, the fantastic and far-fetched illustrations or similes, and the somewhat monotonous antithesis. Like *Euphuës*, it is innocent of anything resembling a plot, and is mainly composed of soliloquies and dialogues on moral and patriotic questions. The Spaniard, as well as the Englishman, also draws largely on Plutarch for ideas, in many parts the Roman writer being almost literally translated.

But whatever may be its origin, Lyly was the first to make it a literary force in England, as he was also the earliest writer to recognise the moral idea as worthy of artistic treatment in fiction. His reflective passages contain many beautiful ideas and sound practical wisdom, and the modernness of his views is quite astonishing. The French critic already mentioned points out

how he anticipates Rousseau in his attack on the artificial life of the period. That perennial subject for the wit of satirical philosophers—namely, the dress of fashionable ladies—is vigorously denounced. 'Take from them their periwigs, their paintings, their jewels, their rolls, their bolsterings, and thou shalt soon perceive that a woman is the least part of herself.'

It is interesting to find that he is at one with Mr F. Galton and other philosophers of the 'heredity' school, and makes practical as well as antithetical use of the words Nature and Nurture. And he attacks the superstition, which no doubt even then prevailed, that education is the sovereign panacea for all human inequality and misconduct.

Besides his two Euphuistic books, Lyly also wrote several dramas, and was the earliest writer to recognise that prose is better adapted than verse for the purposes of comedy. The wit of his dialogues has often been praised, and it was more than appreciated by later dramatists. As a lyrical poet he is perhaps best known by his "Cupid and Campaspe," from his first comedy *Campaspe*, which is often found in books of elegant extracts and popular pieces. In 1589 he had the imprudence to take part in the fierce Martin Marprelate controversy and write the pamphlet *Pappe with an Hatchet*. In return, he and his friends were vigorously attacked by that acrimonious pedant, Gabriel Harvey. 'Nash the ape of Greene, Greene the ape of Euphuus, Euphuus the ape of Envie,' was one of the discourteous and rather personal remarks of his opponent. Greene, the brilliant but dissipated genius, also belonged to the Euphuistic school. In the same year (1589) as the second part of *Euphuus* appeared, he published his *Mamilia*; a *Mirror or Looking-glass for the Ladies of England*; and in 1589 he brought out *Menaphon*; *Camilla's Alarm to slumbering Euphuus in his Melancholy Cell at Silencedra*. These are his chief works in the Euphuistic style, which in his hands was as eloquent and poetical, if not as elaborate and fantastic, as that of Lyly. Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde* was, next to *Euphuus*, the most popular work of the day. Though it contains but little action and too much tedious dissertation on the moral and courtly virtues, it is a book which fully deserved its great popularity. Shakespeare, as is well known, was greatly indebted to this old idyll when writing his *As you like It*.

Thomas Nash, the literary soldier of fortune and pamphleteer, is usually classed among the Euphuists, as his style bears many traces of the prevailing fashion. A few lesser writers, like Munday and Chettle, wrote in the orthodox vein for a few years longer; but, as with all literary and political fashions, it eventually died out.

In modern times, Lyly has been criticised with varying results by different writers. Hallam contemptuously dismisses *Euphuus* as a 'very dull book'; while Taine says its author was 'at times a genuine poet; a singer, a man capable of rapture, akin to Spenser and Shakespeare.' Another critic, after many disparaging remarks, has to admit: 'Perhaps, indeed, our language is after all indebted to this writer and his Euphuism for not a little of its present euphony.' That is a great admission, and it is not far from the truth. Much of the best writing in later days

manifests clearly its indebtedness to Euphuism. Dekker, who followed Lyly, Greene, and Nash, as poet and pamphleteer, was, it is safe to assume, the first of the moderns. He had wit and learning, 'with poetry enough for anything'; and the prose of *The Gul's Hornbooke* and *The Seven Deadly Sins* surpassed anything of its kind before produced in England. To him and Lyly we should be thankful for such improvements in the style and diction of our language as led gradually and naturally to the rich, quaint, and delicate work, with its *curiosa felicitas* of phrase, done by men like Sir T. Browne, Fuller, Addison, and Charles Lamb.

IRMA'S LIONS.

THE life of an acrobat in Western Europe, says a well-known gymnast, is—apart from the accidents incidental to a dangerous profession—an uneventful one, and my own experiences were no exceptions to the rule. Acrobats and gymnasts, however, are generally cosmopolitans, and an able performer in the course of a long career visits some of the remotest parts of the world, where occasionally he meets with curious adventures. I was once at Odessa with the equestrian troupe of Frederick Renz, when the following romantic circumstance took place. Amongst the performers in this excellent company was a young female lion-tamer named Irma Delavanté. Irma at all times was a quiet and lady-like young woman, much the superior of the majority of the girls who figure as riders or acrobats in circuses and variety shows. She was a remarkably handsome and graceful artiste, and had maintained her self-respect in a public position that is so often fatal to the reputation of a young and beautiful woman.

My own performances had been the chief attraction at all the shows I had appeared at up to the time I was engaged at Renz's, where I found a formidable rival in the fair 'Lion Queen.' Irma's lions were two magnificent specimens of the majestic animals Jules Gerard liked to encounter on moonlight nights in the deserts and forests of Algeria. I will not enter into details of the performance; I must say, however, that it was a grand and thrilling spectacle of the mastery of mind over matter. The performances took place in the arena, which was enclosed in a massive iron railing. (At the present time a similar railing protects the audience of the Cirque Nouveau at Paris when six lions are in the ring.) By this arrangement ample space was secured for the marvellous leaps of the lions that formed the exciting finale of the exhibition. Irma Delavanté's instincts were essentially artistic, and I often thought her well-arranged groups would have delighted the eyes of a Landseer or a Rosa Bonheur. I took a great liking to this intelligent young lion-tamer, and passed many agreeable hours in her society. I was not, however, in love with her, though one man in the circus company seemed to think I was.

Irma's lions were named Nero and Leo. A year before I knew Irma, she had nursed the former through a dangerous illness, brought on by the excessive cold of a Russian winter; and the noble animal was in consequence deeply attached to her. Leo was a sullen and vicious brute, requiring incessant watchfulness to keep it tractable for the arena.

I had not been long at Renz's before I perceived that Irma Delavanté had two lovers in the circus troupe. One was a fine manly young fellow named Henri Monfroid, a bareback rider professionally. The other was a boorish Russian, with a villainous cast about the eyes that made him look the perfection of ugliness. I need hardly say that Henri was the favoured suitor. For some reason or other, the big Russian got the notion into his head that I was also enamoured of the fair lion-tamer; and as the fellow was of a jealous and brutal disposition, I should certainly have had cause for uneasiness had it not been for Irma's open partiality for young Henri. Irma had several times rejected Orlof's addresses; so the burly Russian told me himself; and on these occasions, when he made me an unwilling confidant, he invariably assured me that he would be revenged. The emphatic manner in which he used to utter these threats, and the dark look that came over his face at the time, convinced me that the murder of Henri Monfroid was not at all an unlikely possibility; and I deemed it my duty to warn the young equestrian of his danger. The young fellow, however, made light of it, and assured me there was no danger, as Orlof was too great a coward to face a resolute man. For Irma's safety neither I nor Henri had any misgivings. Strange that it never occurred to either of us that her death-blow would strike him more cruelly than the assassin's knife.

One day about six weeks after my arrival at Odessa, I caught cold, and feeling very ill, I sent word to the circus that I could not perform that night. In the evening, I felt better, and I went out for a walk through the splendid boulevards erected by the Duc de Richelieu. About half-past nine I went into a café close to the circus and called for some refreshment. I had not been there long before the Russian Orlof came in and called for brandy. The place was almost deserted; we were the only customers present. As soon as Orlof perceived me, he came and sat down by my side, and I saw at once the man was drunk. After greeting each other, we both smoked on in silence.

The Russian sat moody and silent for some time. 'Englishman,' he said suddenly, 'I've revenged us both.'

'What do you mean, Orlof?' I exclaimed in alarm.

'Revenge, man—revenge!'

'On whom?'

'On her.'

'You've murdered her; you?—'

'No!' he interrupted with drunken gravity; 'I have not injured a hair of her head.'

Somewhat relieved, I smoked on in silence.

Presently Orlof resumed talking: 'You were after her, too, Englishman. Did she spurn you as if you were dirt under her feet? the cat!—Listen, man. Though neither you nor I can

have her, that scélérat Henri will not win the prize.'

'What have you done?' I asked.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he told me the whole truth; and truly a more diabolical murder than this man had premeditated had never yet been conceived. A few minutes before he came away from the circus, he had given the lion Leo a piece of meat containing a drug that would most certainly irritate and madden the savage beast just at the very time it would be in the circus with its mistress.

I turned pale as death when, after he had told me his story, I realised the awful peril of the young Lion Queen. I glanced at the clock; it wanted a few minutes to ten. I might possibly be in time to warn the girl; and trusting it might be so, I rushed out and ran as hard as I could to the cirque. When I arrived there, I ran through the stables to the artistes' entrance into the arena. I was too late; the bars were up and the performance had begun. Naturally, the circus people were astonished at my appearance, and half-a-dozen stalwart grooms caught hold of me and drew me back. In vain I struggled, and equally in vain I tried to make myself understood. I was trying to do so when a loud roar sounded above the martial strains of the music that was generally performed when Irma's lions were in the ring. Instantly the noise of a terrible commotion made itself heard from the other side. The Russians now loosed me, and we all ran up into the amphitheatre. Here the scene beggars all description; men were shouting and gesticulating, while women were screaming or fainting all around the circus. Making my way through the crowd, I ran down to the barred ring where Irma Delavanté lay prostrate under the claws of the lion Leo.

In the meantime the circus people seemed paralysed, and no determined effort was made to drive the lion off. Red-hot irons were procured; but they were too short, and no one dared to enter the ring. The one man (Monfroid) who would have done so was absent. Suddenly all eyes were attracted to Nero, who was standing in a part of the ring opposite to where I stood. To my dismay, I perceived that the majestic and noble animal was preparing for a spring. With a roar that, like a clap of thunder, seemed to shake the building to its centre, the animal in one bound flew across the arena and dashed with irresistible force against the other lion, sending it flying like a shot from a gun against the iron bars of the circus. In an instant the lions sprang at each other and engaged in a terrible conflict; and while they were settling old scores, I entered the ring and carried out the insensible form of the young lion-tamer amidst the ringing cheers of the excited audience.

Fortunately, a surgeon was at hand; and before we left the circus we were all greatly relieved by his assurance that the wounds the maddened animal had inflicted were not of a serious nature.

While the doctor was examining Irma in her dressing-room the circus people were doing all that was possible to separate the two lions; however, this was not effected before Leo was killed by its more powerful antagonist. Nero, however, had been so fearfully mauled that—to

the genuine sorrow of every one in the troupe—the noble brute had to be shot the next morning.

A few minutes before the faithful animal was killed, I was seated in the *salle-à-manger* of the *Café de Paris*, when an official of the police entered and sat down opposite to me.

'Your name, nationality, and occupation?' he demanded curtly.

I told him; and in answer to several queries, I told him all I knew about the drugging of the lion. 'You have arrested Orlof, I suppose?' I said in conclusion.

'Certainly, sir; and you yourself are under arrest. You must on no account attempt to leave Russian territory until this matter has been submitted to the consideration of the Emperor. For your own sake, I advise you not to leave Odessa without express permission of the authorities. You will be under constant surveillance until his Imperial Majesty has given his decision.'

'Surely, sir, you do not imagine I have had a hand in this affair?' I said, aghast.

'No! We shall have to detain you as an important witness, whose evidence will be necessary, should the Czar order a trial.'

A month elapsed before the Emperor's decision was sent to the Odessa authorities, and all that time I was kept virtually a prisoner in the Black Sea port. This was all the more arbitrary as all the other members of the troupe, including Irma herself, were permitted to go where they wished.

I am happy to say that I was released in time to be present at Henri and Irma's wedding, which took place at Constantinople the day after I arrived there.

By order of the Emperor, Orlof was sent to Siberia without undergoing so much as the formality of a trial; and his Imperial Majesty tempered this act of despotism with a very graceful one that was much approved of by the citizens of Odessa. The courier who brought His Majesty's decision also brought a magnificent and costly diamond bracelet, the present of the Emperor to Mademoiselle Irma Delavanté.

Some of the readers of this *Journal* may possibly remember the appearance of Franconi's equestrian troupe at the London Alhambra nearly thirty years ago. If so, they may also be able to call to mind that the best feature in Franconi's show was the daring and graceful horsemanship of Madame Irma Monfroid, an artiste whose fair and comely features were marred by a frightful gash on the right side of the face.

UPON BEARDS.

And wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

LIKE many another thing insignificant enough in itself, the human Beard has played an important part in the affairs of mankind, so much so, that we find it to have been the cause of a long and bloody war between the Tartars and Persians, co-religionists, from the former declaring the latter to be infidels merely because they refused to trim their beards in accordance with a certain rite.

Some of the customs and ceremonies pertaining to this facial appendage, in vogue among different peoples at different times, are sufficiently curious to deserve mention; and we notice that nearly every calling and profession has in its turn been subject to stringent regulations regarding it. In the same way as the wearing of beards, with certain few exceptions, is prohibited in our army in the present day, so, among the ancient Romans, military men wore it short and frizzled. Alexander commanded the Macedonians to shave themselves, lest the length of their beards should give a handle to their enemies; while, on the other hand, among the Catti, a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave until he had slain an enemy. But perhaps ecclesiastics have suffered most. At one time they have been enjoined to wear beards, from a notion that it was effeminate to shave; and at another, not to, on the score that they might take pride in them, like the kings of Persia and some of the first kings of France, who had them woven and matted together with threads of gold. After the introduction of Christianity, the Anglo-Saxons obliged their clergy to shave, in obedience to the laws and in imitation of the Western churches; a distinction between them and the laity of long duration, concerning which a writer in the seventh century complained that the manners of the clergy were so corrupt that the priests could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards.

As a distinguishing mark, Perseus seems to have been so convinced of the beard being the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on Socrates than calling him '*Magistrum barbatus*.' Slaves among the Romans wore their beard and hair long. It was always in olden times, and is still among the Hindus, a sign of grief or joy according as the custom was to wear it or not; thus, the Romans, who shaved daily, suffered it in times of grief and affliction to grow; while the Greeks, who wore them, shaved at such times, like the Hindus. Potter, in his *Archæologia Græca*, tells us that in solemn and public mournings it was common to extend this practice to their beasts, that all things might appear as deformed and ugly as might be. Thus Admetus, on the death of Alcestis, commands his chariot horses to be shorn:

My chariot horses, too, my grief shall share;
Let them be shorn, cut off their lovely manes.

And Alexander, at the death of Hephestion, not only cut off the manes of his horses and mules, but took down the battlements of the city walls, that even the town itself might seem to mourn, and instead of its former beauteous appearance, look bald at the funeral.

Among the Normans, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the greatest distress and misery. It is mentioned by some of our ancient

historians, as one of the most wanton acts of tyranny in William the Conqueror, that he compelled the English to shave their whole beards, and that this was so disagreeable to some, that they chose rather to abandon their country than resign their whiskers. Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off than almost anything else, and there are many in that country who would prefer death to such disgrace.

With regard to religious ceremonies, the day on which a Roman or Grecian youth removed the first growth from his chin was held as a festival; visits of ceremony were paid, and presents made to him, while the down itself was consecrated to some god, usually to the Lares. Nero consecrated his in a golden box, set with pearls, to Jupiter Capitolinus. By the statutes of some of the old monasteries, the lay monks were to let their beards grow and the priests among them to shave. The beards of all that were received into the monasteries were blessed with a great deal of ceremony; and there are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven. The Russians wore beards until near the close of the last century, when their Czar enjoined them all to shave; but, notwithstanding his injunction, he was obliged to keep a number of officers to cut off by violence the beards of such as would not otherwise part with them. He also levied a tax on long beards, which many submitted to rather than part with what was universally held to be an ornament to the person. The superstitious among them thought it to be an external characteristic of the orthodox faith; and those who were too poor to pay the tax, religiously preserved their shorn beard, and had it deposited in the coffin with them on their decease, that they might present it to St Nicholas, on his refusing to admit them, as beardless Christians, into the kingdom of heaven.

The fact of Philip V. of Spain ascending the throne with a shaved chin gave rise to the Spanish proverb, 'Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls,' for they were in a manner bound to follow his example. The Arabs make the preservation of the beard a capital article of religion, because Mohammed never cut his. The Moors of Africa hold by their beards while they swear, in order to give validity to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate. The Turks when they comb their beards spread a handkerchief on their knees and gather very carefully the hairs that fall. When they have got together a certain quantity, they fold it up in paper and carry it to the place where they bury their dead—a custom similar to that of the ancient Greeks, as we find in *Æschylus*:

I see his hair upon the grave;

and in *Ovid*, where Canace bewails her misfortune in being debarred from performing this ceremony to her beloved *Macareus*:

'Twas not permitted me with briny tears
To bathe thy lifeless corpse, or bring my hairs
Unto thy sepulchre.

Anointing the beard was an ancient practice

observed in serious visits, where the ceremony was to throw scented water on the visitor's beard, perfuming it afterwards with aloes wood to give it an agreeable smell. Plucking the beard was a sign of contempt, a practice which tried the patience of both Stoic and Cynic, in spite of their affected insensibility to insult or injury. Touching the beard was an action performed by supplicants towards those whose compassion they wished to excite; while among the ancient French, touching or cutting off a small part of it was the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time, all letters issuing from the sovereign had, for greater satisfaction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. A charter of 1121, still extant, concludes with these words: 'And that this writing may go down to posterity firm and stable like the oak, I have applied to my present seal three hairs of my beard.'

SUDDEN CHANGES.

THIS morning in the meadows there were drifts of
daisies bobbing,
Swaying backwards, swaying forwards in a careless
sort of way,
And the daffodils were merry, and the soft south wind
was robbing
Scented larch-woods of their sweetness, and my heart
was light and gay.

And the blackbird's song was ringing by a nest hid in
the bushes,
Where a soft brown head was lifted list'ning to his
fervent vows;
And the happy, shifting sunlight gleamed above the
brake and rushes,
Resting lovingly a moment on the beech-trees' golden
boughs.

All the earth was fair and gladsome, and the sky was
blue and tender,
With the fleecy cloudlets drifting o'er its surface white
and gray;
Now the sky is dull and clouded, faded is the
sunlight's splendour,
And I wonder how I ever said the world was bright
and gay.

For the constant noisy chorus of the birds is really
vexing,
And to fancy any mortal thinks the buttercups like
gold!
While the daffodils' and daisies' foolish movements
are perplexing,
And the wind that sets them dancing is quite wintry-
like and cold.

Hark! a step upon the gravel, and a laugh—'tis
surely Willy
Who is passing in a hurry through the narrow garden
gate.
Well, I don't mind now admitting that I have been
cross and silly
With the world, because my lover chanced to be an
hour too late.

M. ROCK.

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